



The background of the book cover features a complex, abstract geometric pattern. It consists of numerous concentric circles in white and yellow, some with dashed outlines, set against a black background. These circles are arranged in several distinct layers, creating a sense of depth and motion. The overall effect is reminiscent of a time-space continuum or a complex mathematical model.

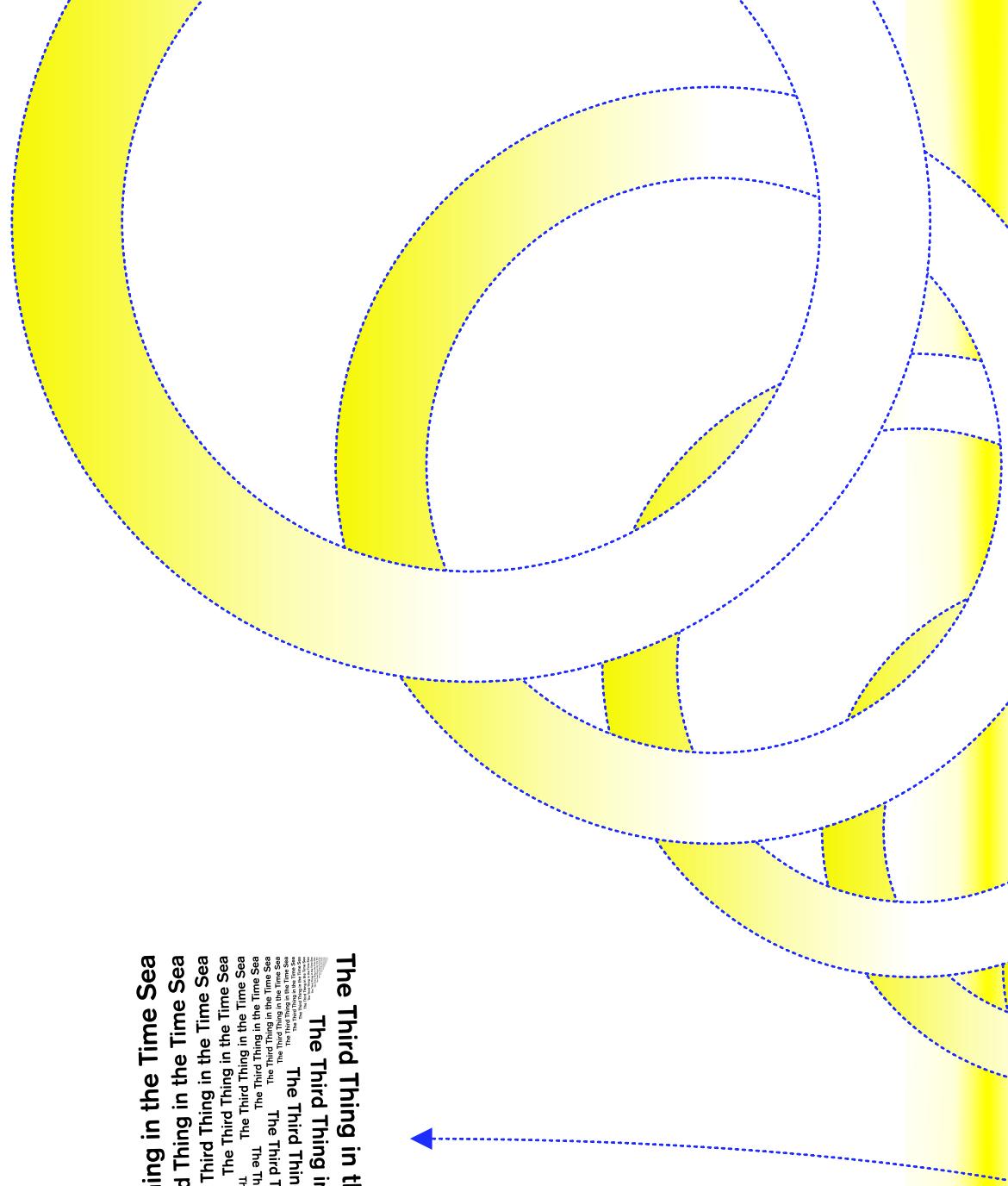
The Third Thing in the Time Sea

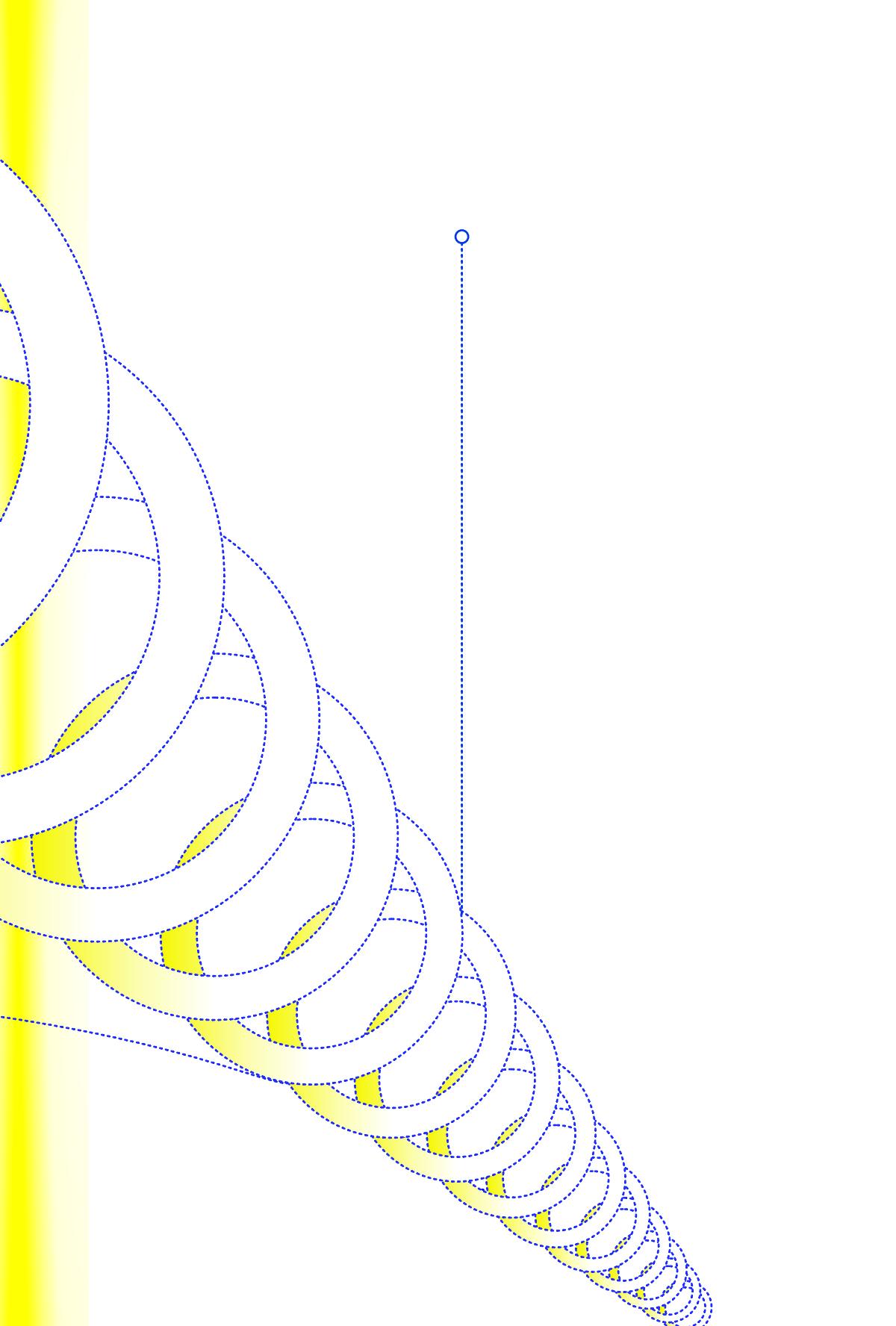
Noelle Choy

This Master's Statement is respectfully submitted to Cranbrook Academy of Art as partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts.

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May 13, 2022





Reverse Table of Contents

Reverse X-axis time, of held sideways

Reverse X-axis time

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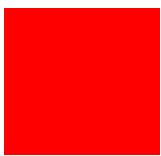
Book designed by Peter Bjorndal.
CG Times, Basic Commercial SR Pro, Taets Wann.

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X-axis time

V



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Foreword

MY FIRST INTIMATE ENCOUNTER with Noelle's work came through a collaborative project that explored ideas around time, beginnings, and endings. This collaborative project not only forged our friendship, but also gave me insight into her amazing ability to capture "the now" through quick and intuitive making and her ability to explode a singular idea into a thousand potentialities. These skills are apparent throughout all her work.

Noelle tackles the unfathomable courageously and directly. Her wit and pizazz shine through in her projects, performances, and objects. She creates a new framework for understanding time and relating to each other. Noelle captures the fleeting, beautiful and sad. Scientific logics and truth hunting become obsolete and out of touch as Noelle reveals the power of nonlinear narratives and a maximalist approach to creating. As seen through her performances, videos, and objects, Noelle applies her practice to her life to an all-encompassing effect. Personal narratives are woven throughout her work and not only provide insight into the artist's history, but these histories become the basis for her work and for the ever-continuing looping, confounding, and beautiful cycles she interrupts, carries forward and brings with her.

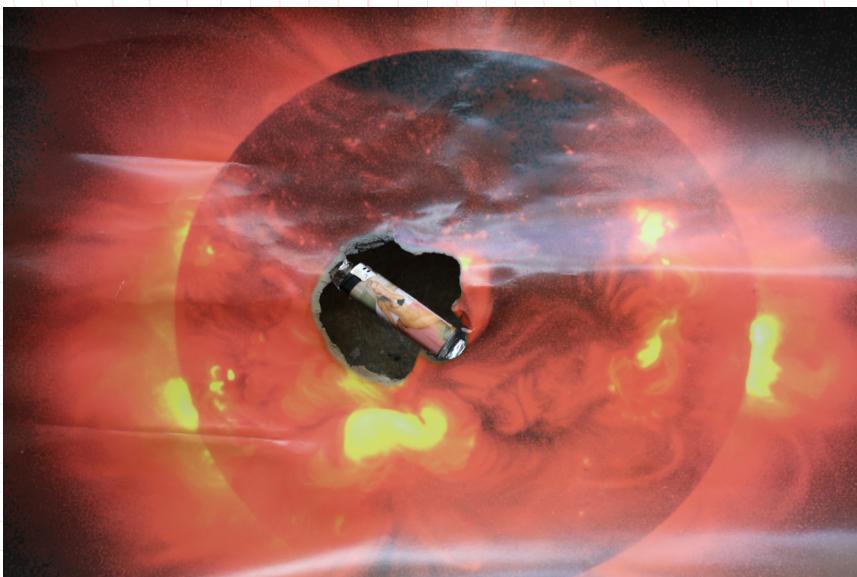
The ever-increasing pace of modernity demands both the slowness and quickness Noelle holds. Her work calls us to remember that it is crucial that any conception of time we ascribe to must be deeply intertwined with histories and therefore any futures we dream of are forever indebted and beholden to the past.

Her work also reminds us of the indubitable need for love and connection. As touched as I am by her work and her brilliant mind, I will always be more grateful for her friendship and the magic she brings to the world.

To Noelle, thank you and congratulations.

William Lanzillo

CAA Colleague '23, Artist, Friend, Event Planner, Gallerist, Hotel Manager, Medical Worker, Small Business Owner, Psychologist, Fabricator, Educator, Writer, Person in the World.



history

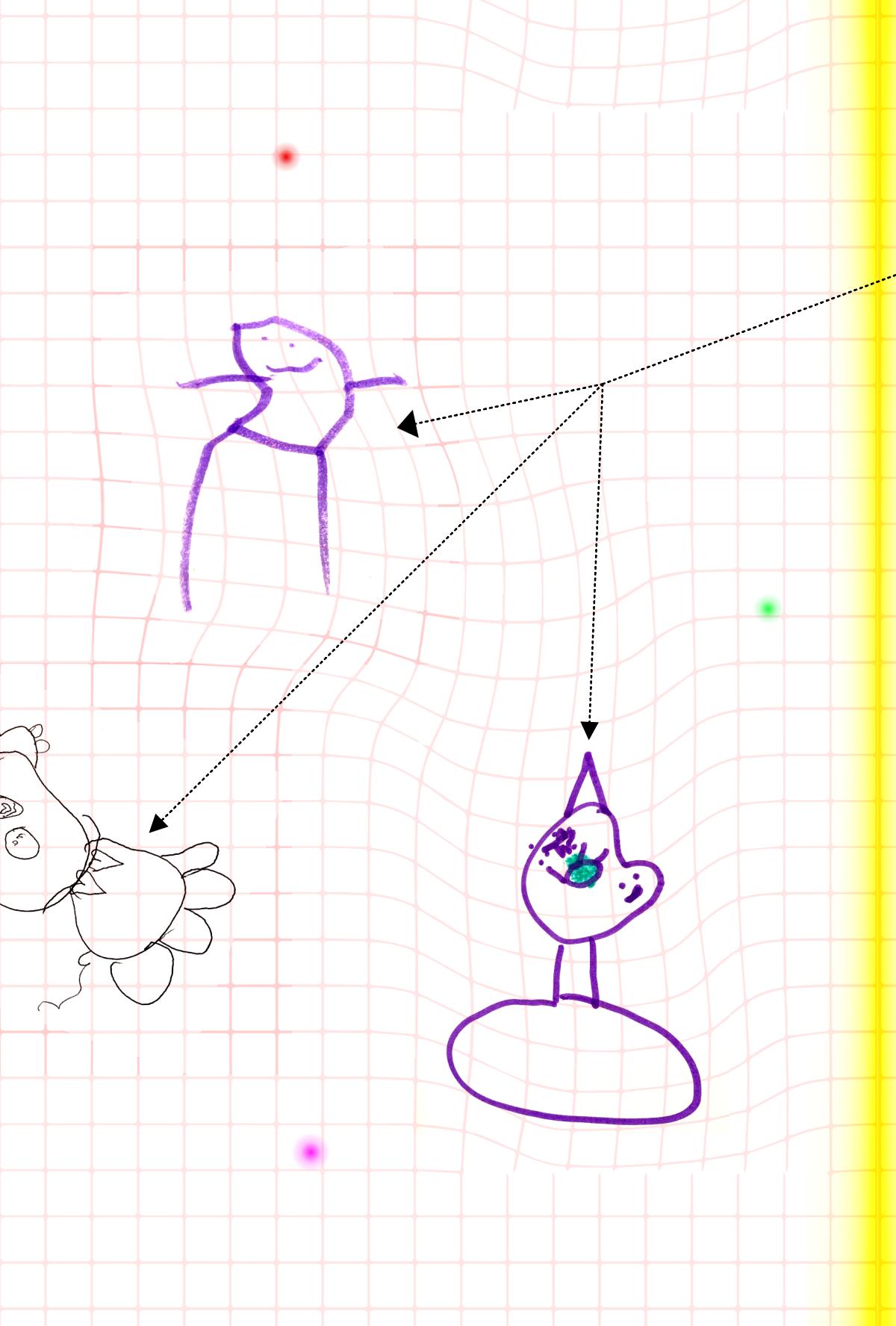
She makes complete her duration. As others have made complete theirs: rendered incessant, obsessive myth, rendered immortal their acts without the leisure to examine whether the parts false the parts real according to History's revision.

Truth embraces with it all other abstentions other than itself. Outside Time. Outside Space. Parallels other durations, oblivious to the deliberate brilliance of its own time, mortal, deliberate marking. Oblivious to itself. But to sing. To sing to. Very softly.

Martydom + hybridity

? She calls the name Jeanne d'Arc three times.
She calls the name Ahn Joong Kun five times

Theresa Hak Kyung Cha - Dictee



► Beginning

THINGS DON'T LAST FOREVER. We drive away from where we want to be. We kiss goodbye. We imagine a better kiss goodbye. It's a rush that's faster and faster and our heart begins to race. This is a different Time. We don't just live linearly. We fluctuate up and down. We bounce around inside of ourselves.

We're constrained to our physical capacity to be as fast or as slow as our internal energies. We are as mighty as our bodies allow us to be at this moment here. And here!

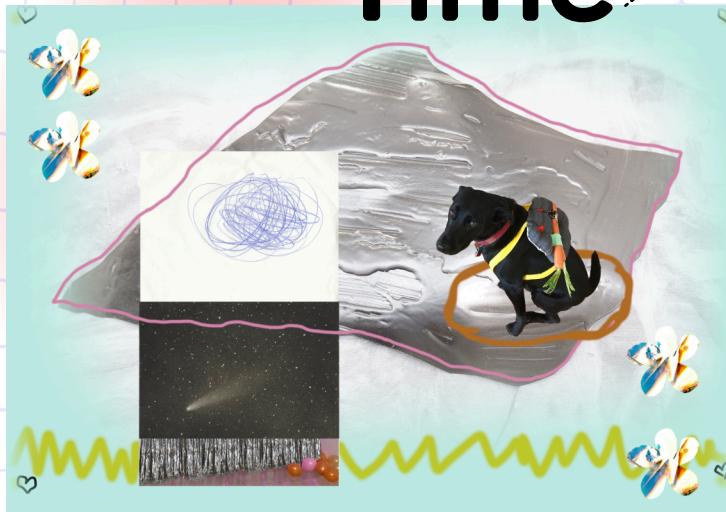
No, *HERE*.

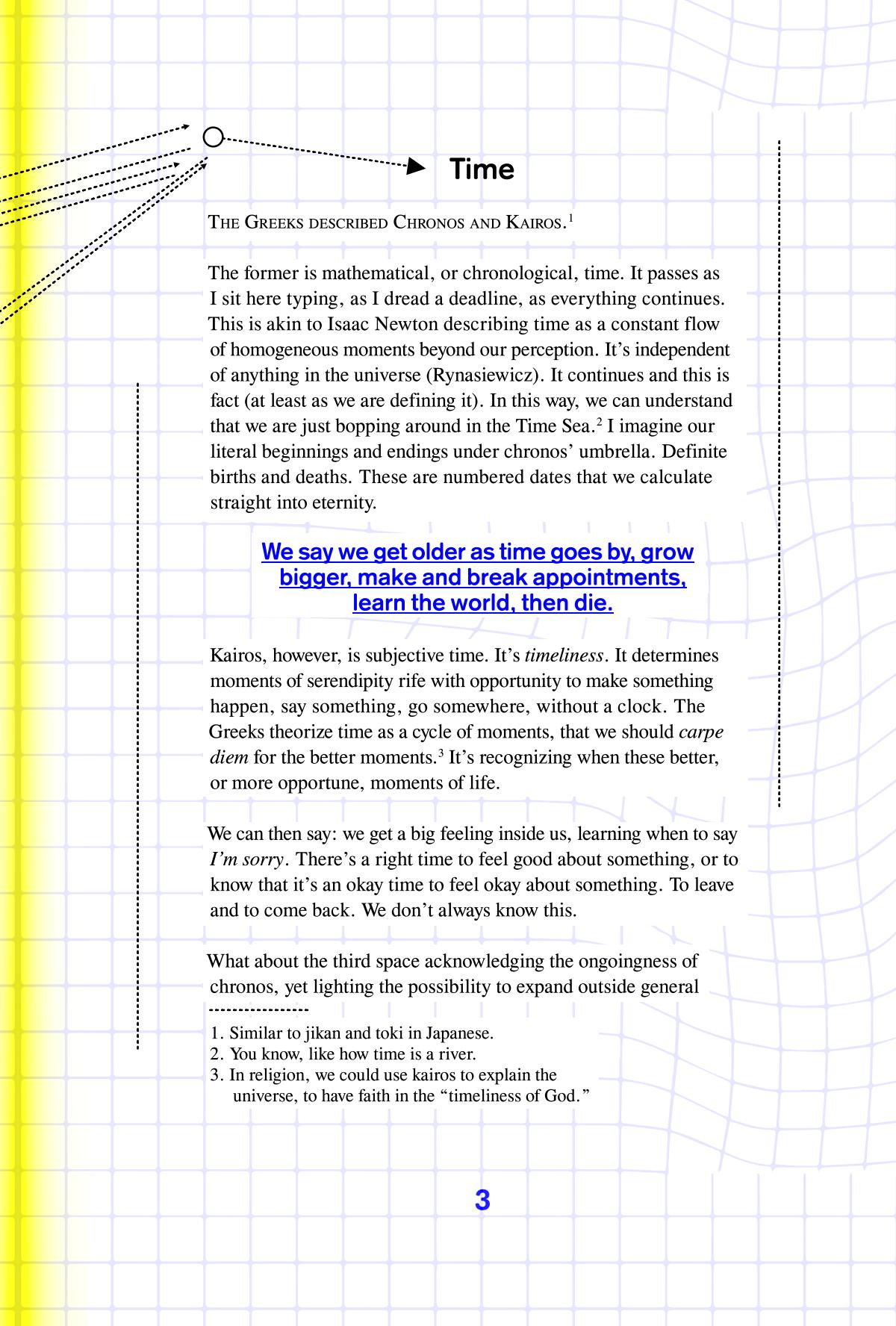
Thinking about this in the context of birth and death and the big questions is integral to rethinking the pocket of life smashed in between. What about seeing not just these finite points, but an expansion beyond as a means to live forever, as a means to escape a linear *only moving forwards* by transcending generations and potential for being. It comes again and again and folds. What does that feel like?

Hold your breath and count 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. . . .

Maybe there's a time travel that phases through generations, that finds reenactment through memory, and finds potential in moving between spaces in this way. We can wiggle our finger in the space of the impossible, testing our physical ability as we understand it, such as through imagined superpowers in different realities. This reinterprets the heaviness of true reality, of tenderness, of play.

Time
Time
Time





THE GREEKS DESCRIBED CHRONOS AND KAIROS.¹

The former is mathematical, or chronological, time. It passes as I sit here typing, as I dread a deadline, as everything continues. This is akin to Isaac Newton describing time as a constant flow of homogeneous moments beyond our perception. It's independent of anything in the universe (Rynasiewicz). It continues and this is fact (at least as we are defining it). In this way, we can understand that we are just bopping around in the Time Sea.² I imagine our literal beginnings and endings under chronos' umbrella. Definite births and deaths. These are numbered dates that we calculate straight into eternity.

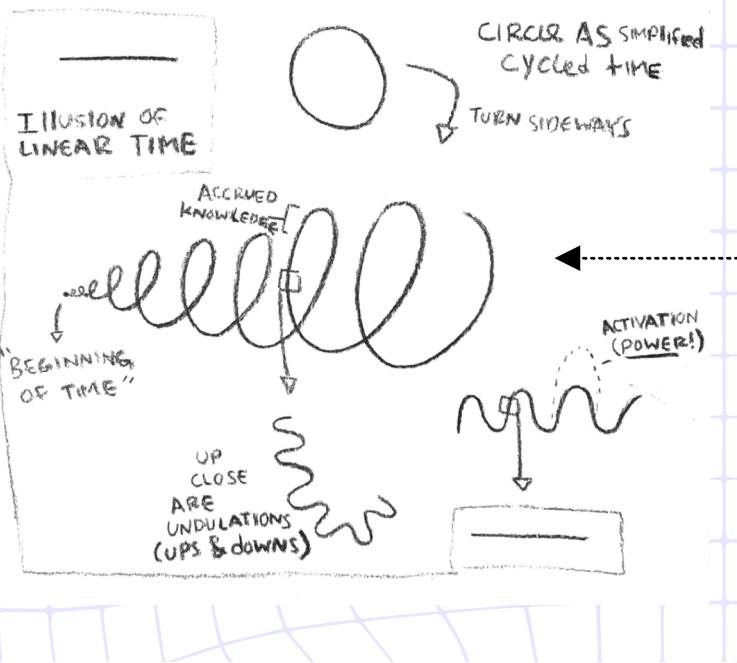
We say we get older as time goes by, grow bigger, make and break appointments, learn the world, then die.

Kairos, however, is subjective time. It's *timeliness*. It determines moments of serendipity rife with opportunity to make something happen, say something, go somewhere, without a clock. The Greeks theorize time as a cycle of moments, that we should *carpe diem* for the better moments.³ It's recognizing when these better, or more opportune, moments of life.

We can then say: we get a big feeling inside us, learning when to say *I'm sorry*. There's a right time to feel good about something, or to know that it's an okay time to feel okay about something. To leave and to come back. We don't always know this.

What about the third space acknowledging the ongoingness of chronos, yet lighting the possibility to expand outside general

1. Similar to *jikan* and *toki* in Japanese.
2. You know, like how time is a river.
3. In religion, we could use kairos to explain the universe, to have faith in the "timeliness of God."



experiential timeliness of kairos? Turn the timeline sideways, upright, and see its undulations. Time is in repetition. Individual cycles of existence lend to collective cycles of existence. This is integral to understanding our permeation backwards into our past, pulling apart how we exist in the present, and will thus continue into the future. However, it doesn't just end with our single lives from birth until death. It expands far beyond in both directions. Of course, the concept of cycles is not new in regard to, say, weather's seasonal changes, processes of decomposition, or menstruation.

This proves that cyclical systems of existence correlate to time as it affects all things. It is in this acknowledgment of the rhythms of *activations*, the peaks of the waves that time's cycles exist in, that we can explore the full potential of these pockets of opportunity that kairos ultimately fails to hold in the Time Sea. We can then perhaps amplify ourselves and transcend this timeline as it moves into the/a future (that goes on forever).

doughnut
licorice
churro
lasagne
rotini
carrot stars

To this last point, we can try to say: we get bigger inside our bodies as we grow spiritually, our speck of dust existence acquiring the stories of ourselves. Then we die and our bodies continue to change even in death. **We continue in those who follow us**, same as how we were continued from those before, as we're held down by invisible forces in a tight cosmic dough. We traverse time in this way. There's a possibility of escape from a tightly wound fluctuation of these waves, this frequency, this rhythm.

The cadences that exist within these loops (not time loops, just loops of time) is where *life* exists. The tight squeezes of energy in falling, dying, petting a dog, throwing a party, **slipping on a banana peel**. These moments and feelings and words words words are part of this cycling. It's your face hitting the pavement, palms lifting your weight *up, up* then waiting for the next thing. It gets personal. We *accumulate* these things not just in ourselves individually, but intergenerationally across time and space. There are connections here deeper than science can logisticize.

So yes, we are in a line, and along that line we experience qualitative moments that *feel* faster or slower. But if we zoom out, we can understand how it goes up and down, and around into a truncated doughnut. The ups and downs can be visualized like sound waves. **The activation is creating new power**. These waves in the Time Sea are like the waves of the ocean being pulled by the moon, by a force greater than language can hold.

We don't go back to the beginning, but come around with more and more, as my mother, as me, through systems of accumulation, with a little more each time, a little differently each time, so that we hold and **push heavier loads**. The necessity of these cycles to produce change each time around, in progression not duplication, is the difference between history and time simply passing (Fieser).

These are karmic incarnations akin to Nietzsche's eternal return theory, which reminds us that things inevitably come around again in loops of creation and destruction (Popova). In other words, **think about what you do now, because there is perpetuity to all actions**.

This urges an embrace of responsibility on behalf of your future self. What do we build from that? What can we learn? Time isn't just unfolding before us, it fills up more and more. The activation points, the peaks, are where we spill out. This functions as accrued knowledge. This is shared and moves between people over time.⁴

Dare I now say: Time travel, or, living beyond ourselves, perhaps forever, is not impossible.⁵

If it exists everywhere, this Time Sea, can't it also transcend place? Transcend anything?

What else can we make possible?

Those before time traveling into right now.

Go back to the beginning.

What can we remember?

How can we live there again?

Theresa Hak Kyung Cha's unfinished play *White Dust From Magnolia* imagines narratives told in the past (retrieving events, memories), and the present. It collapses into a single destination in time, as what I imagine is a future space. A completely flattening takeaway of this text is that it's a form of time travel, a "trans-migration of memory".

Or, "take me back to where I grew up."

Or, "return the ashes of the mother to the place of her mother."

Collapse the time between."

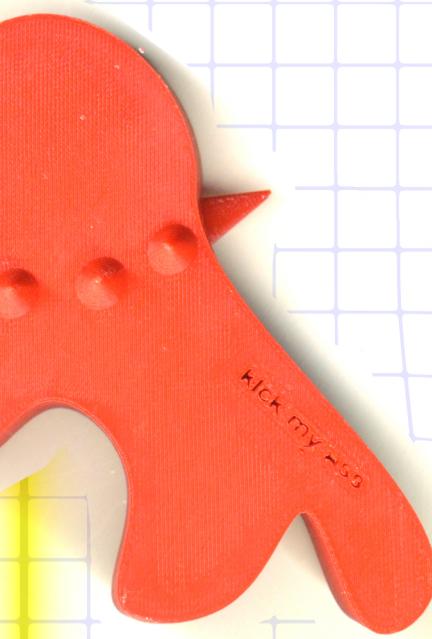
Or, "imagine the most incredible thing that you can't do."⁶

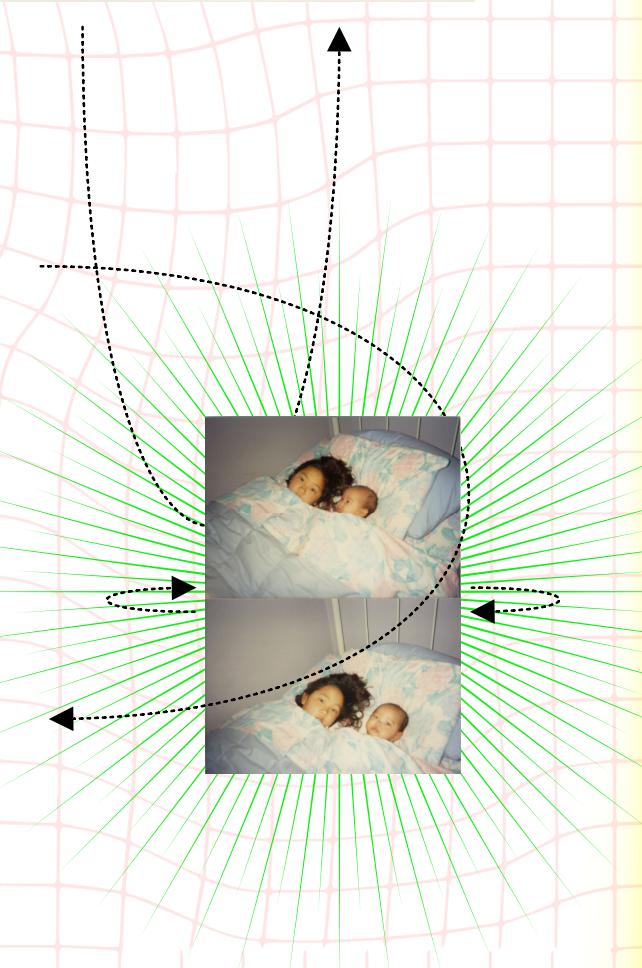
This is the meat of the third thing.

4. This isn't entirely different from chaos theory's butterfly effect, which posits that a small change in a nonlinear system can have reverberating effects in a larger capacity later in time (Tyler).
5. Clocks run differently if put into different gravities. Quantum physics has actual time travel through event horizons on the lips of black holes. So not impossible, just complicated.
6. Or, try not being frustrated with the way that time continues, for once in your life!



Time travel is not impossible.





Living Cycles

WE ARE IN RELATION TO ONE ANOTHER IN THIS TIME SEA. It's how we are political beings in existence with others, how we shape history. Chinese interpretation of time is different from, and exceeds that, of the Greeks. While both entertain time as cyclical, its ups and downs, moments of misery interspersed with moments of grandeur, Chinese historians emphasize that *to be a person is to be historical* as a foundation for this discussion at all. In other words, this is why history repeats itself. In other words, *we are living memory*.

I am 1000 people and more.

Haunting isn't just about ghosts.

It's déjà vu.

It's catching a whiff of something you know from before for the briefest moment but maybe it was just the sun.

Chun-chieh Huang wrote that "time in China is not clock time [chronos] but *humanly lived time*."

Unlike the ancient Greeks, who regarded history as something 'against Time the all-destroying in order to save the memory of events worth being remembered' the Chinese historians believed that time helped to shape history. Time in Chinese culture is situational timeliness [similar to kairos], not of impersonal events but of a humanly shaped milieu, the vectorial nisus (勢 shi) pulsating in the lives and performances of historical individuals (20).⁷

So, moments that brought me here are pieces of history accumulating over time, through relationships, through generations. I'm thinking of this as a way to live forever and transcend a life hurtling through

7. Huang contextualized Time as the historic time that makes patterns of coming and going, the cyclical nature of all things, and defines *supertime* as the "paradigmatic in Time patterning Time into the human tapestry called *history* (20).

space. I am both myself as a child smelling a flower for the first time, and the person right now remembering that moment. I am my mother telling me her favorite flower is *gladiolas*, her mother's favorite flower. Died when she was eight. A bird of paradise for her father. A complicated relationship.

My mother dropping dead put a hole here I'm trying to fill.

Each cycle is a chance at life. It's another kind of time pulsing from care in the souls before (Julia Kristeva conceptualized true individualism as occurring after your mother is gone, through that self-sufficiency and constancy—learning to keep going around and carrying the thread yourself. This thread is carried until it comes back around and meets itself at the other end).

My mother dropping dead had me asking how I can continue to be a person in the world, but as Sheila Heti wrote, “life is just a proposition we make by living it” (197). She laid it out like this:

- *There is no living your life forever.*
- *It will end.*
- *Let the soul that passed down from your mothers rest in you.*

It has been through so much already

She spoke of *tenderness*.

Instead of letting it rest, can I reclaim agency of myself, a self, my soul? Soul as an aesthetic organ (Smith 9).⁸ It's not so much about control as it is about ease. We are cycling back to the beginning in relation to time, in relation to being in relation. Each cycle

8. In *Psychopathologies of Cognitive Capitalism*, Jason Smith wrote “it is how it falls, and what makes it fall in with other bodies. The soul is its gravity. This tendency for certain bodies to fall in with others is what constitutes a world...The soul does not lie beneath the skin. It is the angle of this swerve and what then holds these bodies together. It spaces bodies, rather than hiding within them; it is among them, their consistency, the affinity they have for one another. It is what they share in common: neither a form, nor some thing, but a rhythm, a certain way of vibrating, a resonance. Frequency, tuning or tone” (32).

accumulates. Each time is another chance at life. It's another kind of time pulsing from the care in the souls before. It's about a slowing down of existing right now, or rather, maximizing it. The *I* is a party that is bumping and that's a feeling. History as living memory is the people creating the history by living, by the agency we have with our big souls that were passed down, that become a single thing inside our chests right now.

We contend with this glob soul's complexity, its personality, its continued beating heart.
We can give it a chance to live this life differently.

Death makes a break in the linear chain. We continue because the lineage, or whatever, continues. The cycle is still in motion. There's a hole that is deep and gasping to be filled. It just fills with time (or heals with time, as they say). The western thinking is that we just forget, but to embrace the poignant sharp cavity is to hold onto the feeling. Like really hold it.

We grow through collecting, accumulating, so maybe the better word is accretion. Moving through time with a sense of expansion, not just knowing that it goes on around us, tick tick tick, or even experientially, through felt timeliness, but rather thinking about the third thing as a way to move *through* time as your own agent. Moving your body beyond its physical capacity.

Pulling myself up from the pavement.
Pulling myself into the dragon's mouth.
I said I'd train to get at least a full pull-up.
I didn't train and could barely do 1.
During the performance I did 3 full pull-ups.
Adrenaline? Magic?

I like to think of magic.
I do it again and again.

T Fleischman titled their second book *Time Is The Thing the Body Moves Through*. It spoke to heavy curiosities of queer embodiment through poetic prose. In an interview with *Bomb Magazine*, they described the process of writing the book as *an autobiography of accumulation*.

My heart beats faster and faster as I approach the top of a rollercoaster, the creep of a monster, the edge of a deathbed. I experience slowness in these moments. Not being able to get out of bed, stretching minutes until I'm late.

What if this is the way to fill the hole that death leaves?
Rethinking the activated time by expanding it, by testing its potential.
I think perhaps she felt a hole in the same way too.
A diasporic tug.

Continuous emotional transitions that need stagnancy for comfort.

After the passing of his mother, Barthes wrote, “struck by the abstract nature of absence; yet it’s so painful, lacerating. Which allows me to understand abstraction somewhat better: it is absence and pain, the pain of absence—perhaps therefore love?” (42).

**The possibility of transcending an ending
is hopeful because we will use this
love differently.**
We have the chance to do that.

When I was in undergraduate school, I made a family tree of objects. When I asked my mom what would represent her, she said, “a bird of paradise, or some gladiolas.”⁹

We are wishing, forceful beings. Things that go around and around, like the revolutions of Earth, the hands of a clock draw a map of time itself that we followed to create our sense of chronology, as we developed newer ideas of GROWTH. This was Ajay Kurian’s point

9. My (sugar daddy) friend drove me to all of the florists in the Richmond area. At the last of 5, I bought a single bird of paradise for \$7.00.

in his tiny piece in *Anthology of Time*. He wrote how this “seems less to do with actual growth than with accumulation. Unlike accumulation, latent in the idea of growth is death. . . . Time then is never abstract, but a relation of care” (17). This was in the context of maternal time. We spend so much time being someone’s literal insides, morphing them, and that lives in the back of my mind I’ll probably cry.





FOREVER

PLAY

TIME

ANOTHER

MOTHER

Reenactment

THE POINT OF ACKNOWLEDGING CYCLES, and our participation in it by being alive, is that there's levity in how it actualizes in reenactment, in its intrinsic recycling. It fluctuates identity's roles in comprehending cultural distance and existential connectivity, and the potential to haunt oneself. In time's cycles, those "ups and downs," Huang emphasizes how the "ups" are capitalized in Chinese historiography as "sagely, worthy of being reenacted and re-lived today" (22).

This historic time goes over and over.

Each time around is a reenactment.

"You don't think I know what it feels like to be abandoned?"¹⁰

Reenactment is how we function in the world, both intentionally and unintentionally. We learn from others and try to be a certain self. Performance is social interaction, learning how to be with others. Peggy Phelan wrote, "performance's life is only in the present," in that it fails to truly be captured outside the moment that it occurs (Lütticken 23). It is interrupting "normal life" by asserting a representation. This is an activation of a current moment in the *now*. It's an expansion of potential in a finite contained self. In performance, I can imagine a stronger, faster, heavier self. I can displace. This is a way to fill the hole. We obviously cannot know when all the "ups" are happening, even as they happen. We don't know the present until it's already gone, when we reflect and are like, *oh that was the coolest thing ever wow*.

Dawn Powell wrote that love only exists in the past and the future, never in the present (231). The Time Sea is unrelenting. We miss things. So, while performance focuses on the present tense for just a

10. A vanilla boy I was dating broke up with me literally before I was going to break up with him and the cold sting of rejection broke me to pieces which led my mom to tell me a totally not comparable story of when she lived with a boyfriend for two years in her 20s who went to San Diego to find them a place to live and just never came back. She found out later that he'd literally just abandoned her and married a white woman.

moment, on that peak of the wave, maybe love creates the wedge of the present, on both sides. Maybe inserting an impossibility into a cycled system will propel that energy to come back around. This is mostly Nietzsche's hot take that I'm taking.

So, imagining the "ups" is just a matter of creating the moment yourself. I create a production of performance to propose a possibility. I pull-up through a dragon. I turn a guinea pig into a potato. I create the moment of activation. I am at the top of the rollercoaster.

This time around, this soul will create its own moment of activation. I will live longer, or at least believe in my own impossibility. Something that can redirect. A brand new thing.

Creating a myth starting now.
No, right *now!*

1. (Truly, eternity has no past or future. It's infinitely in the present.)

I hope that comes back around later.

I am a myth
making the proposition
by living a life.

Sven Lütticken spoke about this succinctly in *Life Once More*:

If one is always reenacting roles partially scripted by others, one might just as well use reenactment against itself by recreating historical events. But can such a re-enactment succeed in breaking through the eternal return of the same, rather than ensuring its continuation? Historical reenactment may only be an escapist diversion from daily life, but perhaps it is also an anachronistic challenge to the present. (Lütticken 18)

Reenactment proposes the opportunity to break eternal return in the sense of it being the same every time. However, eternal return holds us accountable for a future self, in the accumulation of souls before. In our definitions of history as living memory, we pose “challenges to the present.” These are the opportunities to expand and transcend in these activated points of time.

2. (Truly, eternity has no past or future. It's infinitely in the present.)

We said, “no lilies, please.” Pacis said lilies smelled like pee. Gladiolas weren’t available so we bought some fake ones at Michael’s. Naturally, there were so many lilies. In the peak of the first covid summer, in a nearly empty funeral home in West Virginia, we had bouquets of real birds of paradise, pee lilies, and plastic gladiolas.

you get it right. . . . like, there's nothing here. . . . lol. . . .

. . . but there is something here. . . . lol. . . .

hmmmmmmmm. . . .

The Invisible

(The Invisible)

CAN YOU IMAGINE being the love/whatever, the god/God/GOD, to someone?

Kurian wrote of maternal time “as a living relation between things and how each modifies the other—how one might grow because of the other.” A woman had told him that time only gains REAL meaning when you “foster the growth of something,” which got him thinking, and that really got ME thinking (17). Time spent, saved, swallowed, gulped, then it’s just the end that’s it, knock me out, finito. We’re fostering relationships and establishing points on our own maps.

Nearly everyone has spoken to this idea of relation, from Albert Einstein to The Microphones. Grief is what was misinterpreted as Einstein saying that *time is an illusion* (because it’s *relative*). So, time is mapped by clocks, but it’s contextualized by the care that exists in relation to one another. A relationship. Harry Dodge calls this love. He calls it a kind of *gravity*. Merleau-Ponty describes this as the *flesh of the world, this charged space, a viscous tension between organisms in relations—space we commonly think of as empty* (Dodge 166).

We read and learn and share with one another and this is infinite, or has the capacity to be. This is expansion.¹¹ We accumulate knowledge=mis/understanding. Physical expansion as growth, which although indicates death, tends to our souls’ accumulation through time. And then we become adult human people and so on and so forth.

11. The universe also, of course, expands as the distance between two unbound gravitational points which is observed (within the observable universe) using time as a system of measurement because it slows.

We CAN live forever because we continue to accumulate (this THING) and that transcends a single life.

How do we accumulate and where do we keep it? It turns into raw energy.

Throw me into space just a little tumble.
COSMIC ORDER, but maybe that doesn't mean anything.¹²

It's the other people, the cosmos of lovers we grow with, for, inside of. I wouldn't be if not for those who came before and that will never get tired because it's continuing and reflexive. I'm the mother, etc. Whatever you want to call it for real. People are the universe. Me for myself and you for yourself. It's the love/whatever, the god/God/GOD, that holds you and is like hey, alright we still have an inside and an out and gives you a tight squeeze. We try again for the first time with our many selves inside.¹³

12. Scientifically, we can look to epigenetics and the biological DNA coding that transfers memory. Can it explain the feeling of a friend's mother, who woke in the middle of the night screaming death! from a feeling? On the other side of the world, her mother had passed away at that very moment.

13. I think of Herman Hesse's Steppenwolf who, in a scene where he encounters broken mirrors, sees all the infinite possibilities of himself, his selves, that are repressed into just two socially accepted personas.

14. My mom would go to sleep way past my brother and I when I was little, talking all night to internet guys, often getting ponzi-schemed. One time she was just forwarding textbooks and laptops to Africa. Funds stopped coming into her bank account and my brother got a new computer. She'd have boyfriends she'd never met in real life who'd bail on her at the last minute. Many times. I'd make her late for work nearly every day, from elementary to high school, because I was good at missing the bus. I'd make her drive me to the door instead of walking across the field because I didn't care. She shopped online a



Ending

I THINK ABOUT HAUNTING THROUGH MEMORY. I was afraid to sleep in her house alone overnight when I went, and I still wish I had. I wish I could have known what it would have been like to be frightened like that.

Sitting in the car with my brother.

“Yeah, I was thinking that if she came back she would point and just yell, ‘I *told* you! I told you one day I’d be gone and you’d miss me haha!’”

“Yeah.”

“Yeah.”

Her ashes are sitting in my dorm room right now on a dumb dresser. I wipe the dust off the box with my sleeve. This lives way high up over the heavier thing that moves me. Maybe it’s frustration from having been incapable of saving her from whatever it was that did the thing, but there’s so much that I *am* capable of. I can imagine myself in a new dimension of the impossible. I can expand myself to the full potential of the moment, atop the activation points of time, and fight against the timeliness of the expected order of the physical world. I am the first person I ever was, am, and will be, yet I am the fear my mother had of being alone.¹⁴

I’ve rethought selfishness and fear and so many things, but most of all I sit in the warmest most heartsick love. I can feel it sloughing

lot, but to buy everyone in the world things they didn’t need. She drove my brother and I back and forth from my dad’s house so many times. We’d have a second dinner because we’d go out to Silver Diner or Jerry’s on our way back home. She always picked me up when I came home to visit from wherever I was living at the time with a soft hug and snacks. I always slept in her bed when I went home. She looked just like her mom. *She dealt with the deeply seeded ball in her belly of wanting something else, something more, wanting to feel the extreme urgency of love that was her family together in that way that is heavy and true.*



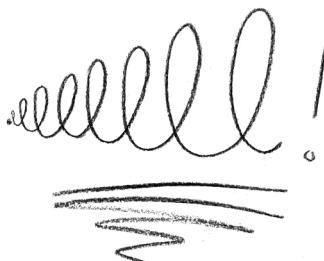
off my back. Maybe expanding activation points of time, or imagining that that's even possible is the only way to save it. It's not only between people, but even surer than that, it passes on. It snowballs over time until *God, I need it again.*

Existentialism born of grief was materialized through pushing and pulling and dragging myself down an icy hill, pushing myself in and out of the sunset. It's easier to imagine things that are humanly impossible, like superpowers, than to grasp a memory's likeliness to have been a little different. Both can be alternate realities though. Imagining them as real is traveling to a different supposed time.

Draw a circle and think about it.¹⁵

Turn it sideways and notice the spiral with the tip larping as the beginning of time.

We are living memory.



I don't know.
I'm almost 30 and getting older.

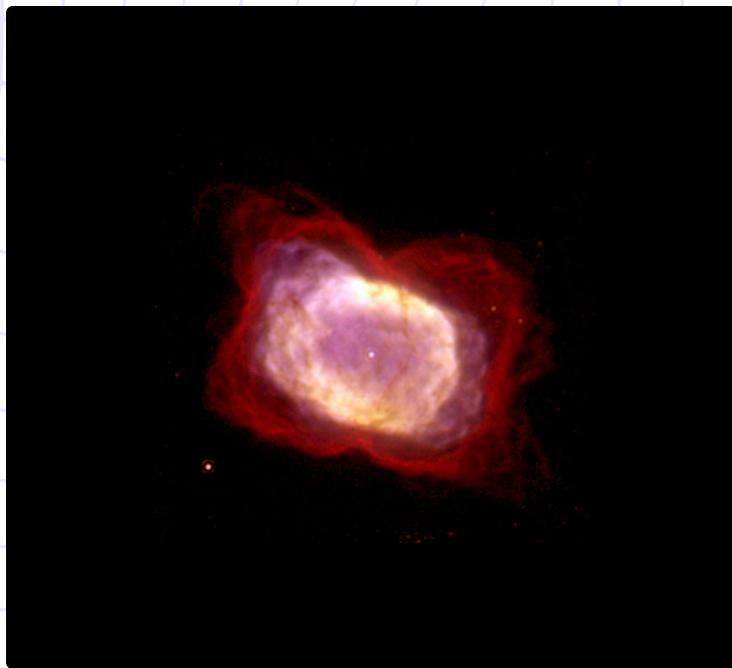
15. I used to practice drawing perfect circles in notebooks and margins because if you could do it perfectly then you were crazy what a challenge.

It's crushingly hard to describe a person
but I choose to let the soul rest in me, at
least for a little while, and to give it more
than hers could, impossibly more. A
projected future is just a mythology.

Maybe I'm just a big phony because my whole point is that I have to believe in more than myself. There isn't land in this sea and as the dramatically thrashing currents pull you under, hold your *ah ah ahppp* breath a little better, and move with intention.

When my mom dropped dead a hole was cut into my loop of time, into the seamwork of my existing at all. I tried to jump over it and land on the other side. I tried to lay in the dip of inactivation. I tried to stand still. I built a ladder above it, onto the peak of the wave and put a stage there. I filled it with all this work lol. I can't escape the Time Sea. I can't escape the looping of history and its repeating political upheavals, of paying rent, following a dream, turning off the light behind me, the waves pulling back, making and breaking appointments, of orbiting every single day as boldly as it demands. I can escape how I accept and repurpose the best moments by creating them myself, by actualizing the impossible, traveling through memory, places, and everything in between. My beginning and end aren't finite because I live on in the future, as she does in me, in the black hole that funnels to a start and I'll live forever that's all the end.¹⁶

16. Okay, so basically this could have been 1000 pages of physics or philosophy or *so many things*. I made a lot of it up instead.



The first molecule



The first molecule

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Artwork

Artwork

NOEL
WAS
140 PDS
COLIN
WAS
200 PDS



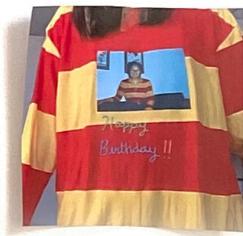
Happy Birthday

2020

Fabric, inkjet iron-on transfer, puffy paint

A replica shirt for my mom's birthday, scrap from transfer test, and a photo of me wearing the finished shirt.







?

[sic]

Domniete Yourslef

2020

Steel, ceramic tile, wood, paper-mâché, foam, assorted toys, chain, resin, laserjet print, clay, audio

72 x 49 x 110 in

A dragon with a banana pull-up bar on the back atop a ceramic tiled platform. I did a pull-up on banana bars, and slid out of its mouth, down all of my mother's arms. A feat to overcome to achieve actualization, or an unknown "other side." Thinking of the role the dragon plays. If the dragon is my mother, if it's me, or if it's somehow reflexive. Audio was from disc 1 of Tony Robbins' Personal Power II, voiced-over by my dad.











(no subject)



Noelle Choy <noelle.a.choy@gmail.com>
to fdchoy ▾

This is a special edition of personal power. I've had the privilege of sharing the best ideas I've been able to study and learn from the most successful people over the last ten years for people who want to turn their dreams into reality. In that near decade of sharing, personal power has become the product of choice for people who want to turn their dreams into reality so much so that we've now distributed more than

THIS PRODUCT WORKS.

More than any personal development program in history. There are tools here that I promise you, you'll find a complete transformation in your life by taking a small step each day.

And what I'm trying to do is take you beyond just motivation, but really make sure that you not only achieve your goals, but that you have the tools that are cutting edge, that can make that happen but also to make sure you are truly fulfilled as well. Because there's nothing worse in this world than to achieve your goals and say "is this all there is?" and there are so many people who do that.

So I'm excited to share with you the fundamentals of personal power, or getting yourself to take action and produce results. But I'm also here to present to you the cutting edge, the newest information that's available as well. So I'm going to let you enter the program like people traditionally have so you're able to start the



Mon, Nov 16, 2020, 2:39 PM



process but I also want you to know that this program is the beginning of a new journey into the greatest quality of life you've ever had. Thank you for your faith. Thank you for your action. And welcome!

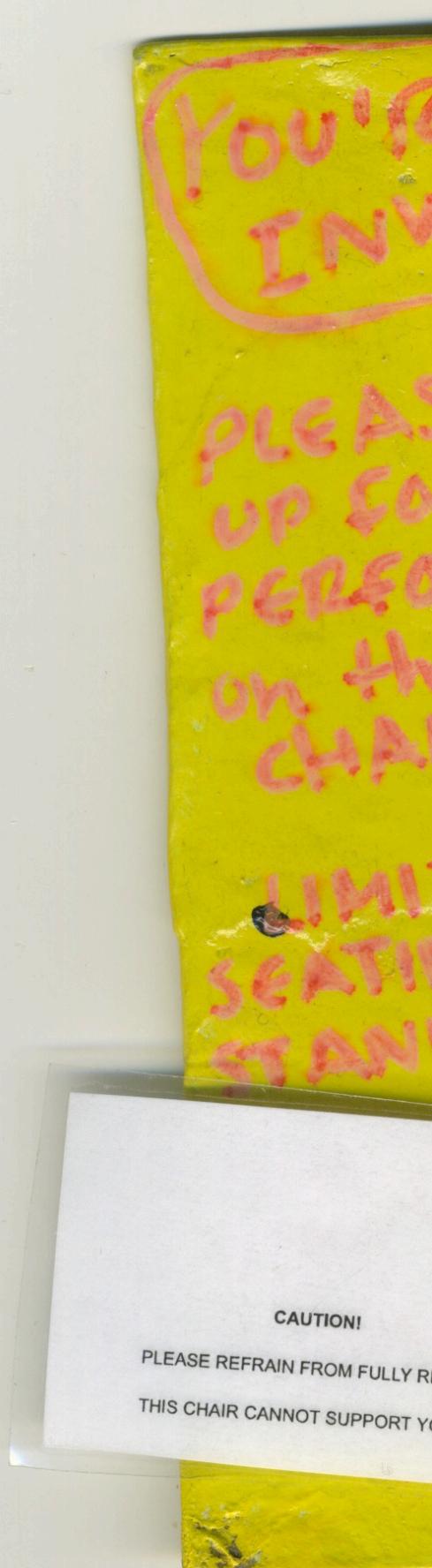
If success is really that simple.

If that's really possible

To be wealthy in all those areas, meeting those dreams, If it's really as simple as becoming flexible and using my personal power in your approach. And Modeling the most successful people, how come everybody doesn't do this?

That's a good question.

A lot of things in life are really simple but people don't apply them because they get caught up in day to day stuff like "well I gotta pay my bills" they get caught up in making that living instead of designing a life and they come to the end of their life and find out they only lived 1/10 of it. Not because they aren't intelligent but simply because they didn't get clear about what they wanted, they didn't get themselves to consistently take action and develop that decision-making massive action muscle in their emotional body. They didn't vary their behaviors. And now they're stuck. It's not a place you want to be.





PPF

2021
Video 6:50

Video, paper-mâché, PVC, rubber chickens, cans of sardines, Tony Robbins' Personal Power II CD set, acrylic, resin, fabric, paracord, helmets, bedsheets, hardware

Camera Assistance: Rob Crossno -----

Performance Assistance: Lizz Caicedo and Kendal Kulley

I am racing my weight down an icy hill, pushed by two ghosts into the sunset. How heavy is the soul, and how do we physically disappear through our pasts, presents, and futures? Sometimes you can't even get out of bed! The captions are a blending of narratives: a recitation, or pondering, of learned facts as pounds of knowledge. This knowledge is weighted, maybe weighing us down. Pushed into the world-is it the same if I am just weight, dead, or still, or thinking, to remember a feeling, a hand holding yours, as it physically happens being held, pushed down, contending with the magic of another person. To be close!

INTO THE SUNSET

Because we're moving along an uncontrollable timeline in the PRESENT, (Point A>B>INFINITY!)

The continuously expanding PAST is PUSHING towards a finite FUTURE.

It's chasing after you like a globby monster and there's nothing you can do about it.

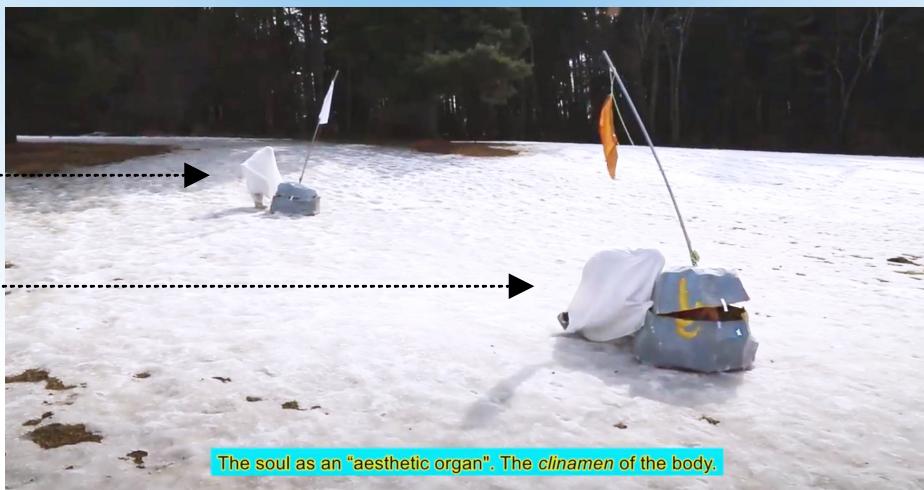
It's SO upsetting

You can chase it. Really, depending on how you look at it, on how your day is going. Don't jump off a cliff, but DON'T STOP MOVING!

Even laying completely still there's nothing you can do!

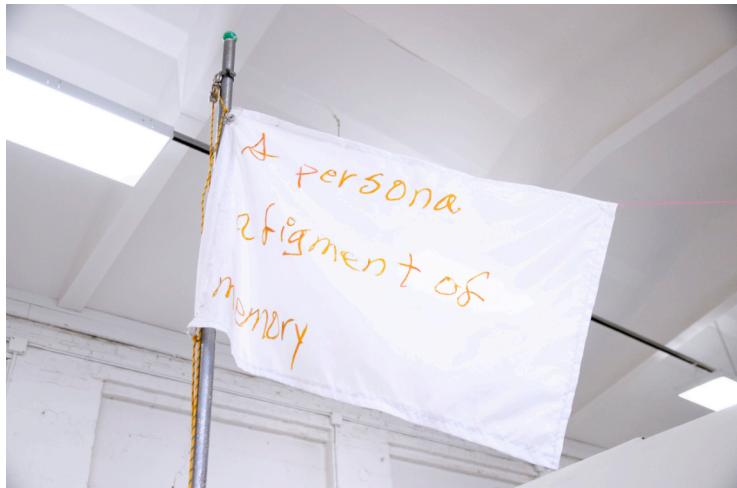
"I gained a pound today. I think it was a pound of knowledge."

1. Racetrack Playa is barely a phenomenon. The mystery of the sailing stones was solved "using the scientific method & critical thinking".



The soul as an "aesthetic organ". The *clinamen* of the body.

Being AT PRACTICE vs. being IN PRACTICE



It's way more exciting to believe some magical force pushed them & wherever they stopped is A REAL DEAL FIVE STAR photo op for the WHOLE FAMILY\$\$\$

2. Questionably, the soul weighs 21 grams. This is based on experiments in 1907 where bodies on the brink of death were weighed before and after the moment of passing. (Difference=the SOUL leaving the body).

(He also tested this on like six dogs, and since there was no weight difference at the point of death, it was concluded that dogs have no souls [biblical claim]).

((There's a film based on this concept starring really famous actors. It garnered numerous awards and noms. It was okay.))

Maybe that's why being asked to say GOOD-BYE to a body seems absurd. Unreliability!

Insides carve into a hungry cavity. Then floating because you're lighter. Up Up UP!

I cried goodbye to my dog on knees bruised from carrying her into the emergency room and falling hard onto the linoleum with her laying in my arms exactly like Madonna.

When it was a PERSON, I swallowed with a deeper gulp.

Gulp!

Being AT PEACE vs. being IN DENIAL



3. Deadweight tonnage is how much weight in cargo a ship can carry.

That includes people as much as bricks, or any random thing that has weight, interchangeably.

Maybe there is no weightlessness in death, no losing 21 Grams of SOUL (That does what then exactly? Continue to exist non-corporeally? Free slushies!).

There is just weight=ANYTHING

In a freak moment of improvisation, I shouted "I'M TRYING TO DEAL WITH HOW MY MOM IS HAUNTING ME BUT IN A GOOD WAY!"

"How about you focus on how you can do the same. Maybe try to haunt people too?"

Looks off camera. Outside, someone walks two dogs who are pretending they don't know each other.

"What are you thinking about now?"

"Well, I'm thinking about haunting people now!"

Probably runs screaming down the street

Being AT PEACE vs. being IN DENIAL

Acceptance isn't settling RIGHT? TELL THE TRUTH!

Perhaps an ice cold glass of Fixation on Desire.

A cautious *GULP!*

Interviewer: So why does man accept to live and act?
What drives his actions?

Simone de B: Concern for others, to a great extent, and for his own happiness. The two are inextricably linked as we're all tied to each other and no one can blossom without others.

I imagine this alongside another exchange some years later:

Louise B.: "...The resistance of the stone is that I am unable to make myself loved."

DK: "Are you saying that you feel you are unlovable...?"

LB: "You said it, I didn't."

Laying in bed, pulling the covers back. The sun isn't keeping you up. Having to get up is keeping you up.

The following moments of KNOWING that it'll happen--that in less than ten minutes, an hour, a day, it will happen--makes you indulge in another moment of laying still.

Depressing the bed with how HEAVY you are.

But SOON, you will propel into the big big WORLD.

You will need to be PUSHED, even after you've stopped.

A MENTAL NOTE: DON'T FORGET TO NOT STOP

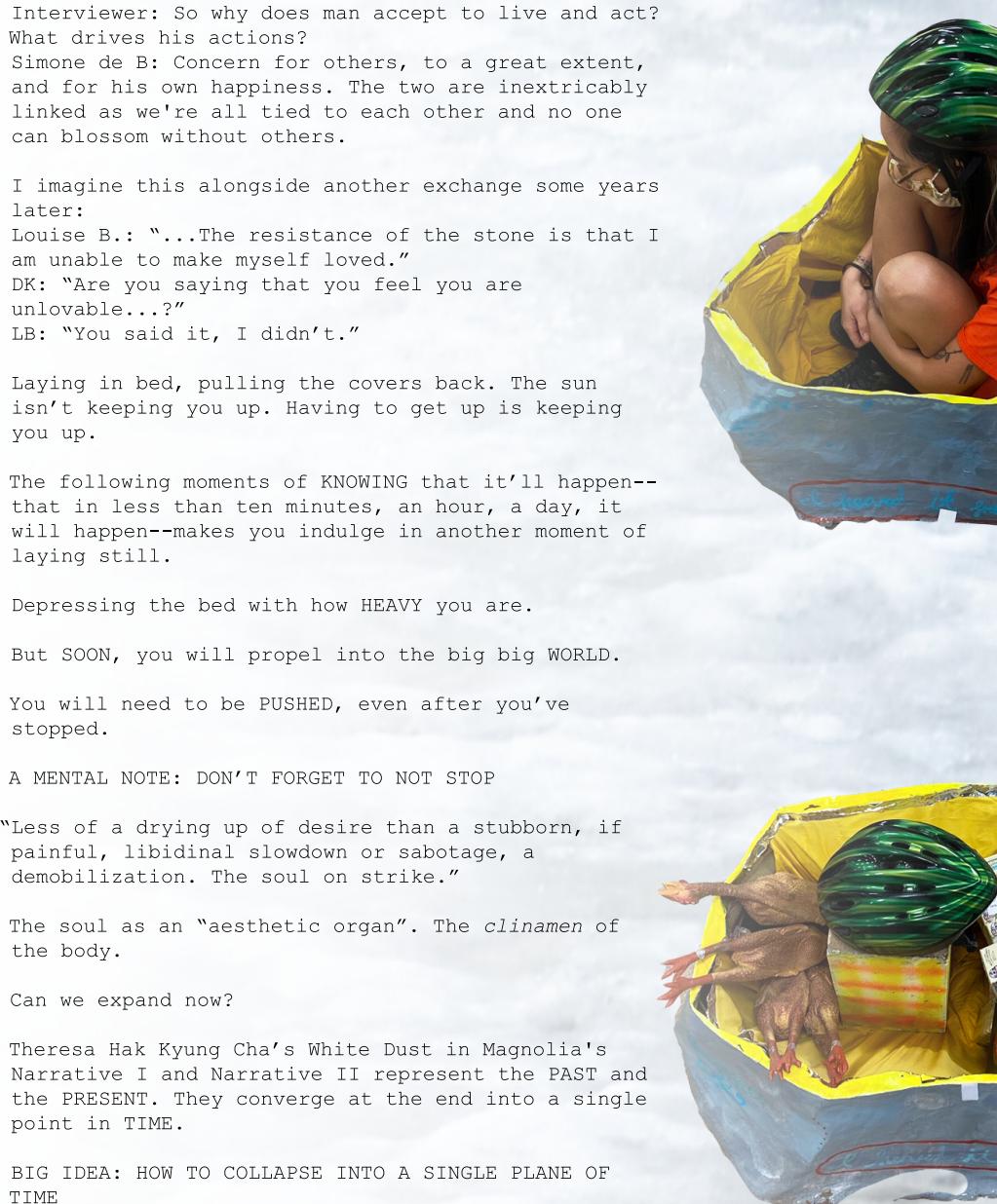
"Less of a drying up of desire than a stubborn, if painful, libidinal slowdown or sabotage, a demobilization. The soul on strike."

The soul as an "aesthetic organ". The *clinamen* of the body.

Can we expand now?

Theresa Hak Kyung Cha's White Dust in Magnolia's Narrative I and Narrative II represent the PAST and the PRESENT. They converge at the end into a single point in TIME.

BIG IDEA: HOW TO COLLAPSE INTO A SINGLE PLANE OF TIME



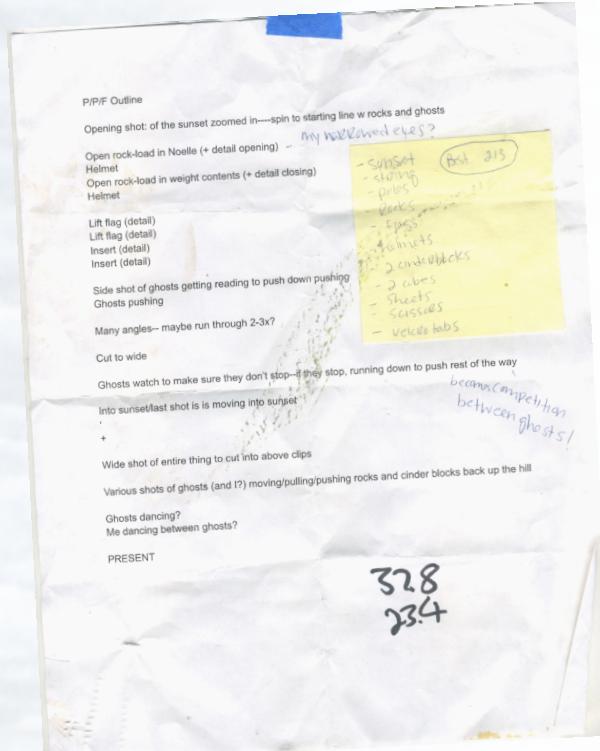
Like how can there be any understanding outside the self if the inner Living Breathing Pulsating is barely MOVING. Depressing the bed STILL. Falling into the FLOOR.

Just a bag of bones and organs and water. Bananas and oranges and wallets.

NO WAIT I REMEMBER NOW. IT ALL HAPPENED LIKE THIS I SWEAR:

YOU FEEL A PERSON. DESPERATELY AND INSANELY. A SOLID HAND THAT STOPS MY HAND FROM PASSING THROUGH IT. HOLDS MINE BACK. AND SO FORTH.

I WAS BORN AND I EXIST FOREVER AND WILL CONTINUE TO RIDE







LOOP TO BEGINNING

Somehow Find (You & I Collide)

2020

73.5 x 14.5 x 89 in

Wood, paper-mâché, vinyl print, plexiglass, puffy paint, hardware

Put your head in as my head, as a baby. Your arm is hugging
yourself, as me, as a baby.





Ajay Kurian was thinking about his mother when he wrote about maternal time, "as a living relation between things & how each modifies the other - how one might grow because of the other." A woman had told him that time only gains REAL MEANING when you "forget the growth of something," which got him thinking, & that really got ME thinking. Time's spent, Saved, Swallowed, gulped, then it's just the end, that's it.

Knock me out, finito. Plugged up like lukewarm bathwater just dip down & fall asleep come on baby I thought I was gonna drown when she went to answer the phone while running in a bath. I screamed for HELP SOMEONE HELP ME sitting in a fit of water. much time being someone's literal makes morphing them & that life's in the back of mind I'll probably cry I don't know can you imagine being the god/GOD/GOD

Time became a what GROWTH ARM clock as we developed newer ideas of IS, "which seems less to do with actual growth, than with accumulation. Unlike accumulation, latent in the

idea of growth is death. Nothing that truly lives lasts forever,

& I think the maternal clock knows this. Time then is never abstract but a relation of care." We CAN live forever because

We continue to accumulate (this THING). It continues to build up & down Throw me into space just a little tunible. It's

the other people, the cosmos of lovers we grow with, for

music of whatever you call it for real. People are the answer to Me or myself you top wrote We're all just boppin around. It's the love/whatever, the

god/GOD/GOD, that holds you & is like hey, alright, we still have an inside & an out, & gives you a tight squeeze.

HEAD

WE SPEND SO

PR Singh





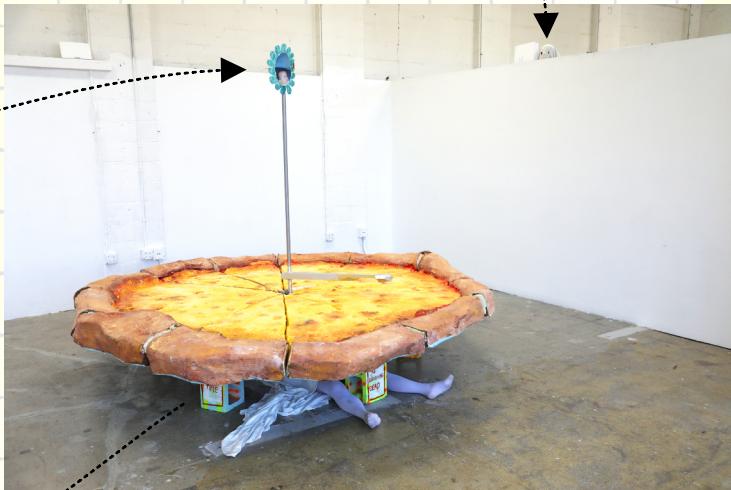
Always Forever Clock

2021

Wood, paper-mâché, foam, PVC, vinyl print, acrylic, cinder blocks, hardware, audio, bedsheets, concrete

Performance Assistance: Cooper Siegel

An analog clock that is activated by a ghost laying beneath it and manually turning the hand using a rock. The pizza slices are parts of the clock that can only be arranged one way. They're removed to reveal a reverse clock order with finish line flags on the painted clock face surface. "I Love You Always Forever" by Donna Lewis by DJ Ghost who watches over the wall to start and stop the music while the baby head is in motion, inside elapsing time.





FAKE
DEATH
VS.
DROPPING
DEAD



City

2021

Dimensions Variable

*Paper-mâché, foam, charcoal, ceramic, orange soda, LED, Tyvek
suits, safety goggles, Model Magic, resin, flowers, wood, fabric,
acrylic, hardware*

In collaboration with Cooper Siegel.

Two figures with suits reading *Life Force* pour ingredients for a world into two towers, the liquid running down the mountainsides into a crack in the center. Lava recycles two sides of the same thing to make a mixture, a commonality, a relationship between yourself and the other thing. The soda is *love, fear*, being *vanilla*—it's everything. It's autonomous in its cycle. It's a life force. They pour until the capacity is satisfied, then they hang up and turn on the sun.





Fear



WHEN THE SUN RISES OVER THE CITY
THERE IS DESTRUCTION IN OUR
HURTS FROM OUR PLEAS &
DESires FROM BLINKING SO
HARD & TRYING TO REMEMBER
WHAT CAME BEFORE, WHAT'S
COMING AS WE FLOW THROUGH
& THROUGH OVER and
OVER into now, stopping
breathing, waiting
freezing time
just long enough
to assess the
damage before
the rock slips
and the cogs
begin to
turn again
& SOMETHING
YOU NEED
TO COUNT
NUG ON
ANOTHER
PIECE



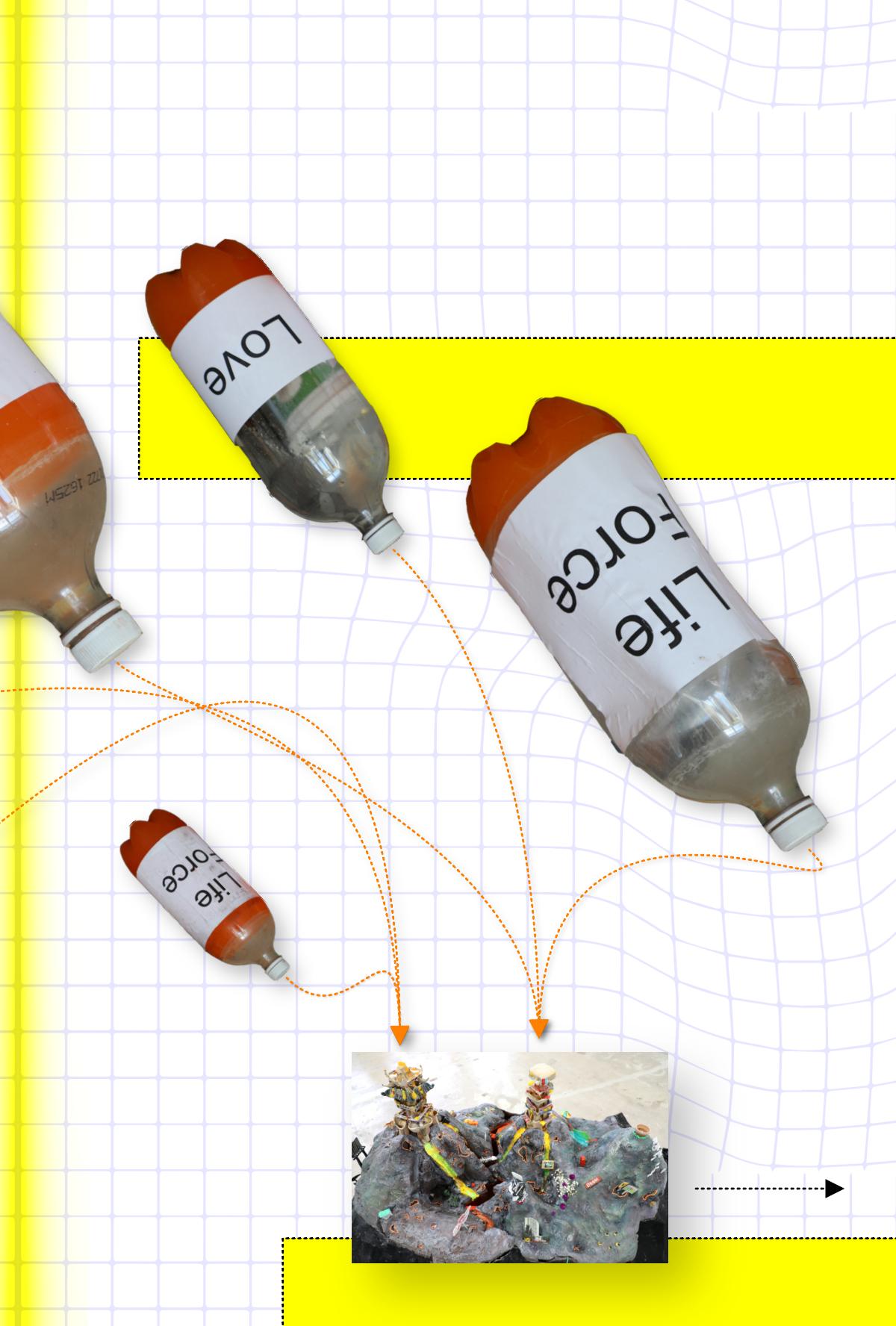
SWEET
SWEET
LOOK AT
IT!
IT!
CUT WILL
begin in
10 min
units



TO STOP & LOOK AT
THE ENTIRE WORLD,
& HOW THE LIFE
& FORCE ACTIVATES
THE WORLD. THE
MOTION, THE ENERGY
& EVERYTHING

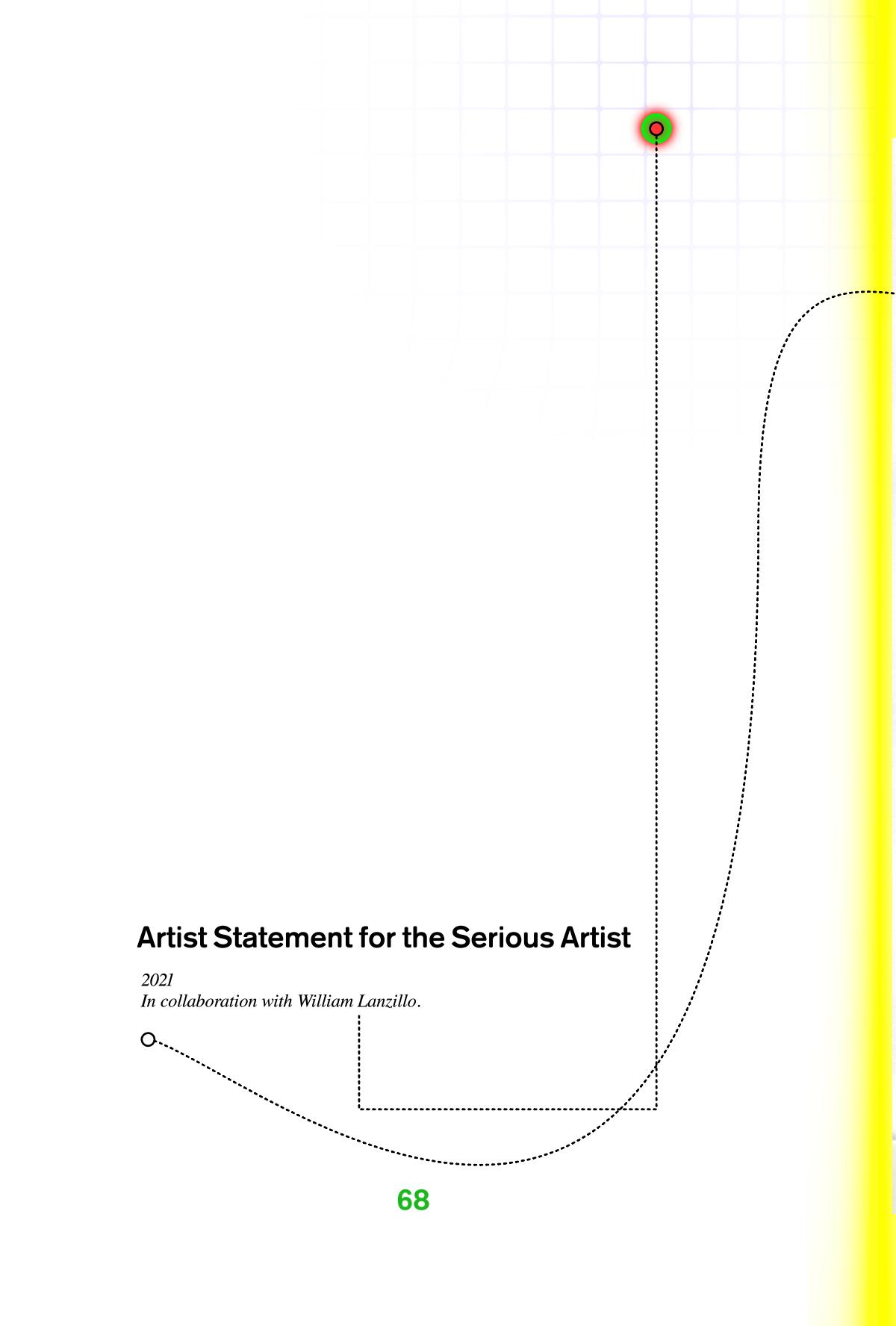
“ RANDOM FITS into
its pre-determined
place, all together
all at once
all at once
breathing it
all in until
your lungs
are scorched
but it's
sweet”











Artist Statement for the Serious Artist

2021

In collaboration with William Lanzillo.

O

ACT 5

Scene 1

SETTING:

The Print Media Critique Room.

► (NOELLE and WILLIAM create a "decoy piece" for their elective critique in Print media. This piece acts as the work that the department will attempt to review and discuss in the department's critique. The decoy functions so that people think that this is the work in its entirety and prepare to critique it and then are unsuspecting when a performance breaks out during the critique.

Given an interest in endings and beginnings, WILLIAM and NOELLE create a closed loop timeline around the entire room. A welded rod is created that perfectly fits the perimeter of the room to have a physical representation of a timeline. On the timeline they attempt to put random events and objects in no particular order with no relation or immediate specificity so that there is an absurdity to this endless loop and no distinct direct narratives can be drawn from it. There are one hundred items on the timeline including painted words and Post-it Notes and such events and objects as, the Big Bang, a single Pop Rock candy granule, world peace, two flags [one which says, "sit on my face", the other saying, "while you tell me lies"], governmental collapse, *Noelle is born, *William is born, dog cries, and first kiss with tongue, to name a few. Timeline sets the stage for the performative elements in Act 6.)

*Appears twice on timeline

(END OF ACT)







ACT 1

Scene 1

SETTING:

A hospital in Maryland.

(NOELLE is born.)

(END OF ACT)

Noelle is
Born



Go, S



hrim



Baby Teeth

2022

Video 7:20

*Camera and Production Assistance: Das Avant, William Lanzillo,
Walker Walls Tarver, Cooper Siegel*

Magic tricks/superhero stunts that zoom out to become photos on a cake that I strike with a knife of arms, then eat while wearing dentures made from my baby teeth. At the end, the video of me eating the cake of the images of me becomes the cake, which is flung off a building.

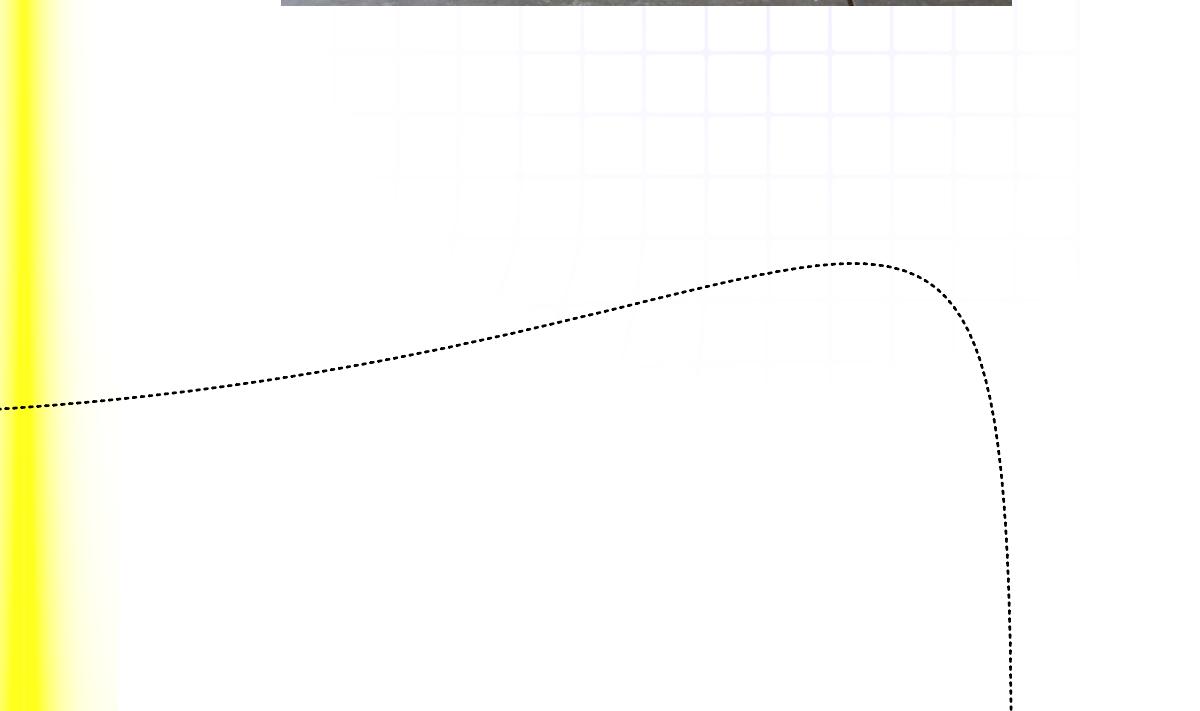
Telekinesis

Kicking a ball around the world

Jumping through a wall

Turning guinea pigs into potatoes

Creating fire in my hands







*Pictured: creating fire, and denture teaser on cake depicting
me turning guinea pigs into potatoes, cutting cake*

1 What's so great about

2 Dip down. Come on baby.



*Catch a fall
way up high*



*Poof I'm
black hole
& can do
anything*

3

4 Carve a cavity back

5 Hold your breath for 1000 wishes

ut being immortalized?

ll from
gh



m back in a
hole eyes closed
do
ng

²Oops, I mean remembered forever.

wards and forwards.

^{5.5} before you blow up, up, there it goes.



Big Life Theater

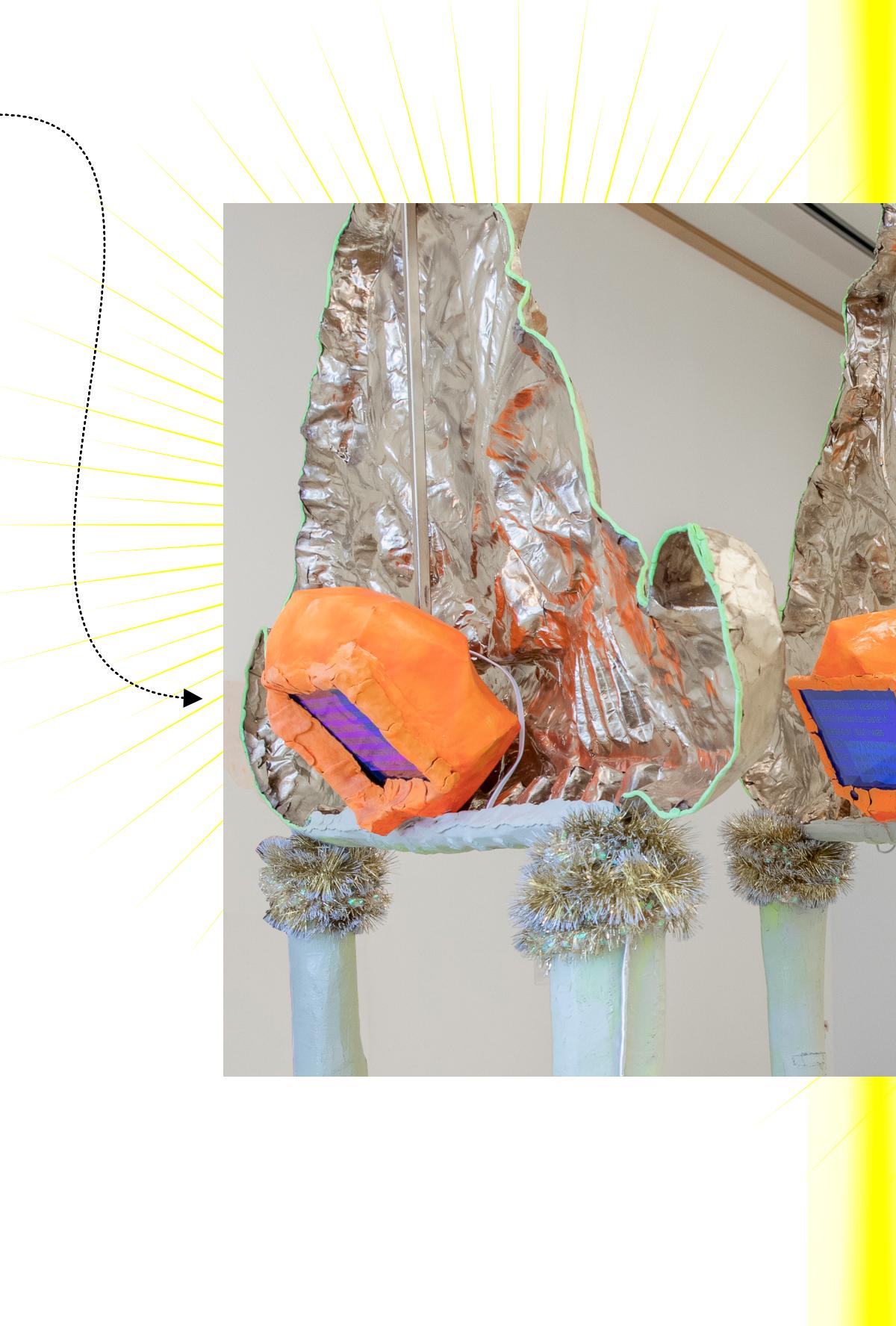
2022

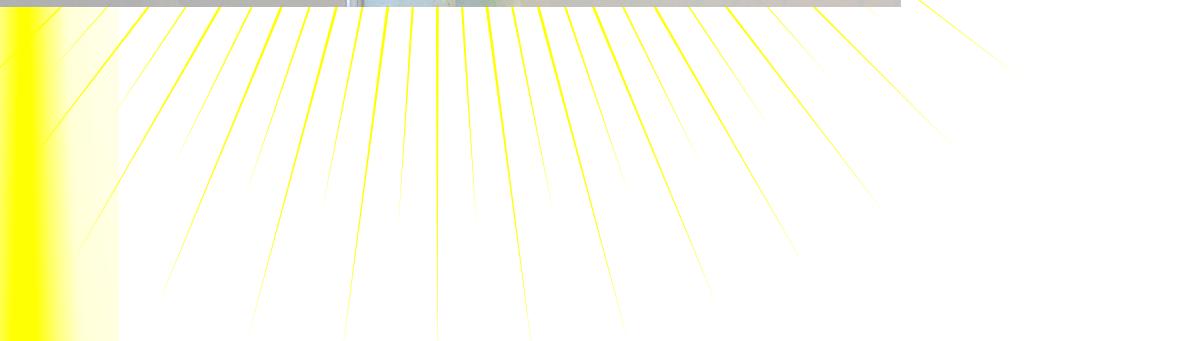
108 x 84 x 120 in

Steel, paper-mâché, resin, foam, concrete, ceramic, acrylic, video

Bop through in both directions in the big feeling of life theater. Enter three times, turn around, then leave three times. Follow the dogs with radioactive hearts. The volcanoes erupting. Looping tricks narrated by my earliest memory I probably made up trying really hard to find the beginning.





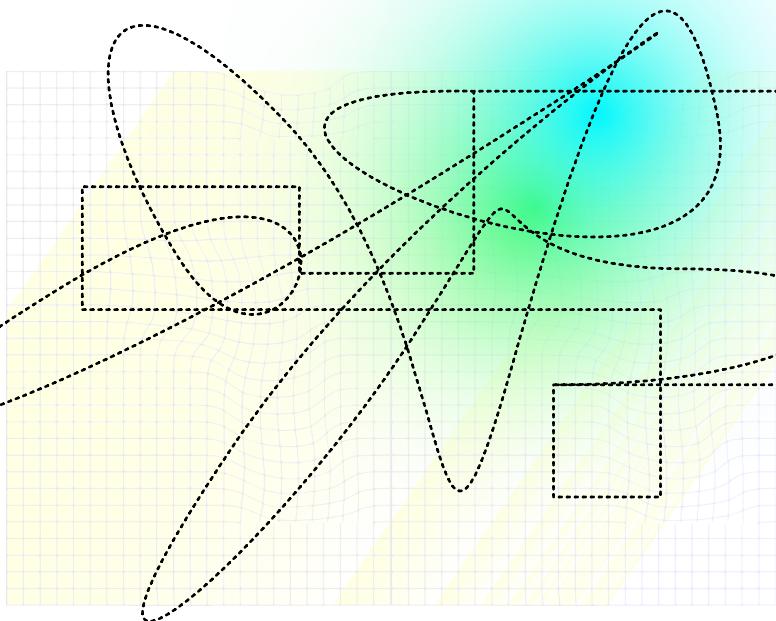




By imagining
something more,
something you can
feel in your guts!



Oops,
that's
wrong!





1. I was like four years old. I don't know for sure if I was four, but I was definitely younger than five. He left the house in the middle of the night. The door slammed into its jamb, that finite sound, then his shadow passed my window. He was leaving forever and it had to be stopped. It had to be me, the real hero. I screamed for him in a Winnie the Pooh nightgown with pink ruffles. He didn't hear me and I started screaming the name everyone else uses but it was over and there I was, shocked. The screen door had the moon shining in on me and I stood in its light in the middle of the room with bare feet, just shocked.

(?)

(?)

2. I was like four years old. I don't know for sure if I was four, but I was definitely younger than five. He left the house in the middle of the night. The door slammed into its jamb, that finite sound, then his shadow passed my window. He was leaving forever and it had to be stopped. It had to be me, the real hero. I screamed for him in a Winnie the Pooh nightgown with pink ruffles. He didn't hear me and I started screaming the name everyone else uses but it was over and there I was, shocked. The screen door had the moon shining in on me and I stood in its light in the middle of the room with bare feet, just shocked.

There were footsteps coming back, and through the moon door he picked me up and said everything was okay and it's amazing how weightless I was, a little clam all wrapped up. He brought me back to bed and I fell asleep thinking of course that would never happen.

(?)

(?)

(?)

(?)

3. I was like four years old. I don't know for sure if I was four, but I was definitely younger than five. He left the house in the middle of the night. The door slammed into its jamb, that finite sound, then his shadow passed my window. He was leaving forever and it had to be stopped. It had to be me, the real hero. I screamed for him in a Winnie the Pooh nightgown with pink ruffles. He didn't hear me and I started screaming the name everyone else uses but it was over and there I was, shocked. The screen door had the moon shining in on me and I stood in its light in the middle of the room with bare feet, just shocked.

"What are you doing?!"

I was in tears, absolutely distraught.

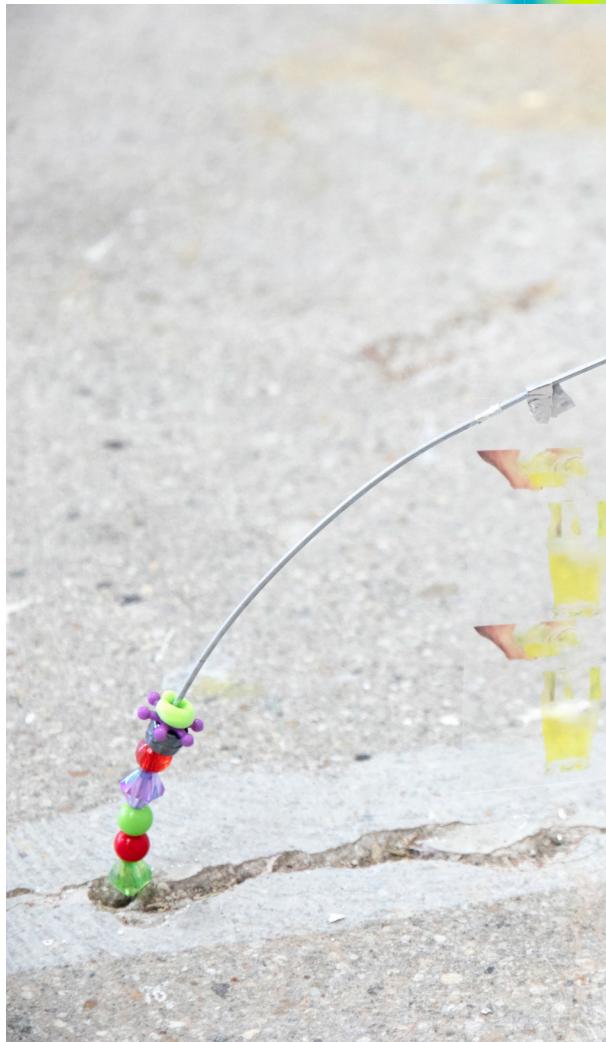
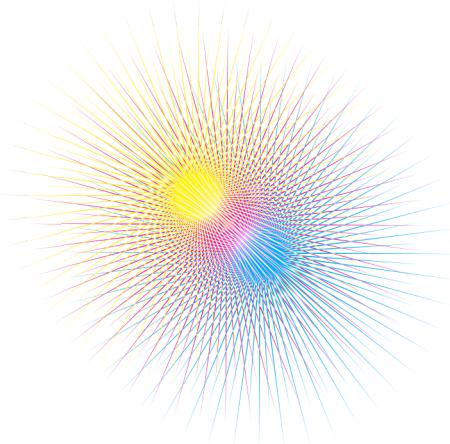
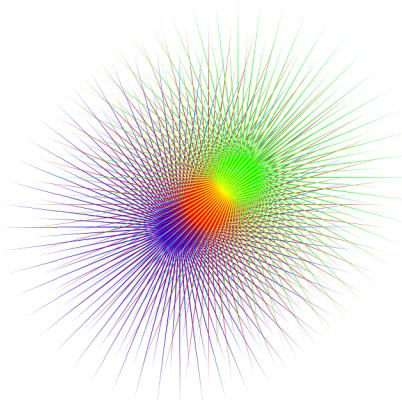
I explained the situation, the horrible thing that had happened.

"He's just going to work", was a snap back to a loving reality, something so misjudged, and I went back to sleep.



Fast/Slow

A list of things
that are *fast*
and *slow*.



Rainbow

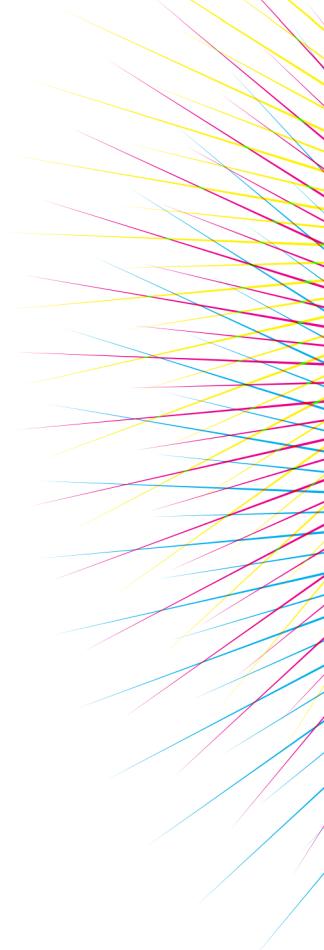
2021

Plastic beads, wire

To be installed in a crack in the floor.







Sandwich

2021
8-track, Model Magic, model car decals, wire



HORIZONS

2021

Acrylic, inkjet prints, aluminum tape, puffy paint, plaster, foam



Afterword

Now it is over

Now was then and then is now

Then is coming

Love is passing by

Moving through and with you all

Now and forever

Woofy woof doggo

Dog cries and says their goodbyes

Dog park party time

— William Lanzillo



Noelle Choy

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noellechoy.com

Education

2022 MFA Sculpture

Cranbrook Academy of Art

2014 BFA Sculpture + Extended Media

Virginia Commonwealth University

2-Person & Solo

2019 *aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa*

New Gallery, Brooklyn, NY

2019 *Puppy Jungle*

Seward Park Library, New York, NY

2017 *Pooshy Sports*

Flowers for All Occasions Gallery, Brooklyn, NY

2017 *Head Monuments*

Seward Park Library, New York, NY

2015 *Hold The Phone: Pizza Party/Pizza Box Show*

Circle Thrift & Art Space, Richmond, VA

Group

2022 *Bootleg Show*

Forum Gallery, Bloomfield Hills, MI

2022 *Brought to the Table*

Saarinen House, Bloomfield Hills, MI

2021 *Chair Show*

Jack Craig Studio, Detroit, MI

2021 *Daughter's Rising Art Auction Benefit Show*

The Boiler Room, Brooklyn, NY

2021 *Art & Agency*

Harlan Gallery, Seton Hill University, Greensburg, PA

2021 *Anyone/Anywhere*

Magick City, Brooklyn, NY

2021 *The Stories We Carry*

Forum Gallery, Bloomfield Hills, MI

2021 *Speculative Histories*

Frank Lloyd Wright Smith House, Bloomfield Hills, MI

2021	<i>Undecided</i> Forum Gallery, Bloomfield Hills, MI
2020	<i>Rump Gallery Film/Video Fest</i> Richmond, VA
2020	<i>Send Nudes</i> Moisturizer Gallery, Gainesville, FL
2020	<i>Eat Your Heart Out</i> Pete's Candy Store, Brooklyn, NY
2019	<i>Queer Van Kult: Leap Day</i> Snug Harbor Cultural Center, Staten Island, NY
2019	<i>Hole</i> Remote Location, Richmond, VA
2019	<i>Amuse Bouche</i> Honey's, Brooklyn, NY
2019	<i>The Valet Show</i> Gallery 5, Richmond, VA
2019	<i>Living Room</i> Secret Project Robot, Brooklyn, NY
2017	<i>Front of House/Back of House</i> Christies at Rockefeller Center, New York, NY
2016	<i>Jello-See</i> Valet Gallery, Richmond, VA
2016	<i>Untitled</i> Christies at Rockefeller Center, New York, NY
2015	<i>Dollar Tren</i> Gallery 5, Richmond, VA
2015	<i>This One's For You</i> Gallery 5, Richmond, VA
2015	<i>Art in the Attic/Music in the Basement</i> Haus Addy, Richmond, VA
2015	<i>I A M A P A R T</i> FAB, Richmond, VA
2014	<i>No Fit State</i> 707 W GRACE, Richmond, VA
2014	<i>to much fun</i> Skateland, Richmond, VA
2014	<i>Poitesme Release Show</i> Richmond, VA
2014	<i>Student Juried Exhibition</i> Anderson Gallery, Richmond, VA

2014 *Integration*
VCU Fine Arts Building, Richmond, VA

2014 *MOVE: the mercer project, Set Design*
Dogtown Dance Theater, Richmond, VA

2014 *DOUG*
K Θ Φ House, Richmond, VA

2013 *Portmanteau*
Firehouse Theater Project, Richmond, VA

2013 *Blank Space (Dance Production)*
Grace Street Theater, Richmond, VA

Awards and Residencies

2022 Ox-Bow Art School and Artist Residency
Summer Fellowship

2022 Haystack Mountain School of Crafts
BIPOC Scholarship

2021 Anderson Ranch Sculpture Scholarship

Daedalus Foundation Nominee

2020 Cranbrook Academy of Art Scholarship
Betty and Marvin Danto Scholarship

2014 Virginia Commonwealth University Sculpture + Extended Media Jose Puig Award

2014 Virginia Museum of Fine Arts Undergraduate Sculpture Fellowship

Activities

2021 Guest Speaker Sculpture X Symposium
Seton Hill University, Greensburg, PA

2021 Mini SculptureX Emerging Artist Panel: Sculpture/Extended Media—September 2021

2021 Spaghetti Thinking Hat Recipe Kit
The Cake Stand, Farmingdale, ME

2021 Mini SculptureX Emerging Artist Panel: Sculpture/Extended Media—February Term

Relevant Experience

2021 *Basket Weaving*
Haystack Mountain School of Crafts

2020- *Forum Gallery Co-Director*
Cranbrook Academy of Art

2021 *Propping the Conversation Workshop (instructor)* Cranbrook
Academy of Art, Bloomfield Hills, MI

2021 *3D Printing and Mold-making*
Anderson Ranch, Snowmass, CO

2015- *Jennifer Catron and Paul Outlaw Studio Assistant* Brooklyn, NY

Publications, Press, & Collections

2021 *Fountainswimming*
Student Journal, Issue 1, *ARCHIVE*

2021 *Cutting Edge Sculpture: Seton Hill University Exhibition*
TribLive by Shirley McMarlin

2021 *SIZL Zine Summer 2021 Issue*

2021 *Fragmented Magazine Issue 02, Touch*

2016 *Staff Show Is An Impressive Inside Job*
Hampton's Art Hub by Charles A Riley III

2016 *Poiesme Magazine*, Volume 13

2014 Contributing Artist, *Collaborative Book Set*, James Cabell
Library, Richmond, VA

Curation

2021 *Lifting Off Into The Sun: A Night of Performances* Satellite Art
Club, Brooklyn, NY

2021 *Candles & Mirrors*
Forum Gallery, Bloomfield Hills, MI

2016-18 *Children's Floor Gallery Installation Program*
Seward Park Library, New York, NY

WAYS TO ESCAPE

- climb through a cut-out of yourself in the sky

- sleep really deeply

- use a big box (shove big furniture like a couch)

- pretend you're someone else (disguise)

- be someone else (disguise)

- sandwich disguise

- animal (and disguise)

- don't NO

- say no

~~- say no~~

- call a friend

- play dead

- get into a piece of paper & fold it in half

- locate your closest blackhole

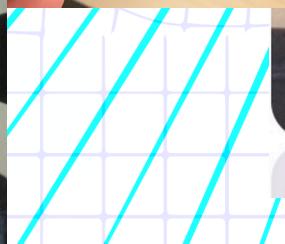
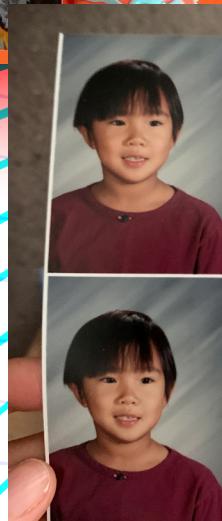
- be in the sun

become a

make up your
years in hell







Look at this picture

For everything you do.

LUV DAD

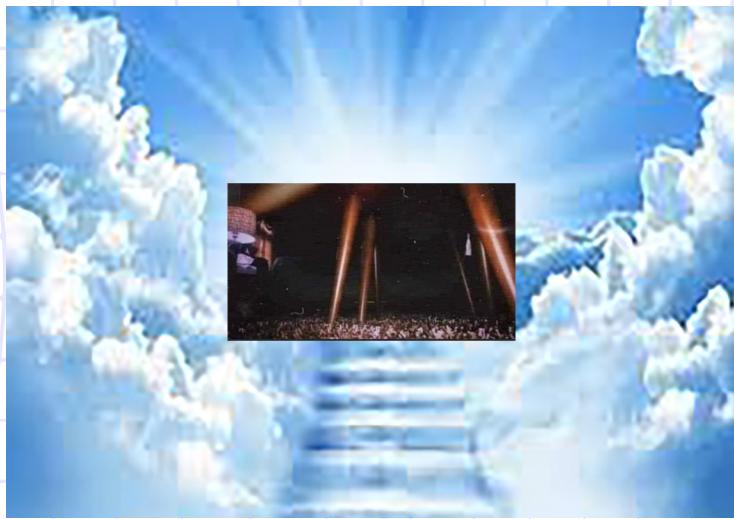


g this pillows



Mom >





Praise for Noelle Choy

“Noelle is the most contemporary artist.”

— Ryan

“I felt like I was in amniotic fluid.”

— Rebecca

“This is actually pretty good.”

— Cooper

“You’re actually pretty good at making things.”

— Cooper

“I have trouble placing Noelle’s work in the art world sometimes.”

— M

“After viewing the piece, I went outside and looked at the trees and felt the sun and thought, ‘ugh,

I’m alive.’”

— Chen

“I like when Noelle is a shrimp. RIP Lady.”

— Jenna

“Makes me hungry.”

— Lizz

“Noelle’s work is really funny! Also sad.”

— Emmy,

Artist in Residence, Print Media,
Cranbrook Academy of Art, BA M.Ed, MFA

“Noelle is the best and will bring us to a better world just by being hrrrrrrr.”

— Maria

“Noelle took all the cardboard.”

— Jihyung

